

A large crowd of Australrians assembled at the central tramway station to-night to take enthusiastic leave of the Americans. It was a scene of the wildest kind, and the emotions it evoked are hard to imagine that can be imagined. As each American sailor arrived at the station to board a trolley car to get down to the landing stage, the crowd swooped down upon him and lifting him high on their shoulders, carried him into the building and deposited him in his seat, to a constant accompaniment of hurrahs, hells, and hurrahs, and then the final singing of the chorus "For he's a jolly good fellow."

No sooner had one man been started on his way than the untiring Australrians swooped upon the next, and so it went, till the Americans arrived by the dozen and by the score there was no lack of willing hands and arms to give each sailor or marine a similar send-off.

**Count Tolstoid Better.**

St. Petersburg, September 4.—A letter received here from Countess Tolstoid, wife of Count Leo Tolstoid, says that her husband is better of his recent illness, but that he is still weak and can receive nobody.